

Now rys, my dere brother Troilus;  
for certes, it noon honour is to thee  
To wepe, and in thy bed to jouken thus.  
for trewely, of o thing trust to me,  
If thou thus ligge a day, or two, or three,  
The folk wol wene that thou, for cowardyse,  
Thee feynest syk, and that thou darst not ryse.

¶ This Troilus answerde: O brother dere,  
This knowen folk that han ysuffred peyne,  
That though he wepe and make sorwful chere,  
That feleth harm and smert in every veyne,  
No wonder is; and though I ever pleyne,  
Or alwey wepe, I am nothing to blame,  
Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,  
I shal aryse, as sone as ever I may;  
And God, to whom myn herte I sacrifise,  
So sende us hastely the tenthe day!  
for was ther never fowl so fayn of May,  
As I shal been, when that she cometh in Troye,  
That cause is of my torment and my joye.

But whider is thy reed, quod Troilus,  
That we may pleye us best in al this toun?  
¶ By God, my conseil is, quod Pandarus,  
To ryde and pleye us with king Sarpedoun.  
¶ So longe of this they speken up and down,  
Til Troilus gan at the laste assente  
To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they wente.

This Sarpedoun, as he that honourable  
Was ever his lyve, and ful of heigh prowesse,  
With al that mighte yserved been on table,  
That deyntee was, al coste it greet richesse,  
He fedde hem day by day, that swich noblesse,  
As seyden bothe the moste and eek the leste,  
Was never er that day wist at any feste.

Nor in this world ther is non instrument  
Delicious, through wind, or touche, or corde,  
As fer as any wight hath ever ywent,  
That tonge telle or herte may recorde,  
That at that feste it nas wel herd acorde;  
Ne of ladies eek so fayr a companye  
On daunce, er tho, was never yseyn with yē.

But what avayleth this to Troilus,  
That for his sorwe nothing of it roughte?  
for ever in oon his herte pitous  
ful bisily Criseyde his lady soughte.  
On hir was ever al that his herte thoughte.  
Now this, now that, so faste imaginige,  
That glade, ywis, can him no festeyinge.

These ladies eek that at this feste been,  
Sin that he saw his lady was aweye,  
It was his sorwe upon hem for to seen,  
Or for to here on instrumentz so pleye.  
for she, that of his herte berth the keye,  
Was absent, lo, this was his fantasye,  
That no wight sholde make melodye.

Nor ther nas houre in al the day or night,  
Whan he was theras no wight mighte him here,  
That he ne seyde: O lufsom lady bright,  
How have ye faren, sin that ye were here?  
Welcome, ywis, myn owene lady dere.  
¶ But welaway, al this nas but a mase;  
fortune his howve entended bet to glase.

The lettres eek, that she of olde tyme  
Hadde him ysent, he wolde allone rede,  
An hundred sythe, atwixen noon and pryme;  
Refiguringe hir shap, hir womanbede,  
Withinne his herte, and every word and dede  
That passed was, and thus he droof to an ende  
The ferthe day, and seyde, he wolde wende.

And seyde: Leve brother Pandarus,  
Intendestow that we shul here bleve  
Til Sarpedoun wol forth congeyen us?  
Yet were it fairer that we toke our leve,  
for Goddes love, lat us now sone at eve  
Our leve take, and homward lat us tome;  
for trewely, I nil not thus sojorne.

¶ Pandare answerde: Be we comen hider  
To fecchen fyr, and rennen hoom ayein?  
God helpe me so, I can not tellen whider  
We mighten goon, if I shal soothly seyn,  
Ther any wight is of us more fayn  
Than Sarpedoun; and if we hennes hye  
Thus sodeinly, I holde it vilanye,

Sin that we seyden that we wolde bleve  
With him a wouke; and now, thus sodeinly,  
The ferthe day to take of him our leve,  
He wolde wondren on it, trewely!  
Lat us holde forth our purpos fermely;  
And sin that ye bihigten him to byde,  
Hold forward now, and after lat us ryde.

¶ Thus Pandarus, with alle peyne and wo,  
Made him to dwelle; and at the woukes ende,  
Of Sarpedoun they toke hir leve tho,  
And on hir way they spedden hem to wende.  
Quod Troilus: Now God me grace sende,  
That I may finden, at myn hom/cominge,  
Criseyde comen! and therwith gan he singe.

¶ Ye, hasel/wode! thoughte this Pandare,  
And to himself ful softly he seyde:  
God woot, refreyden may this hote fare  
Er Calkas sende Troilus Criseyde!  
¶ But natheles, he japed thus, and seyde,  
And swor, ywis, his herte him wel bihigte,  
She wolde come as sone as ever she mighte.

Whan they unto the paleys were ycomen  
Of Troilus, they doun of hors alighte,  
And to the chambre hir way than han they nomen.  
And into tyme that it gan to nighte,  
They spaken of Criseyde the brighte.  
And after this, whan that hem bothe leste,  
They spedde hem fro the soper unto reste.

On morwe, as sone as day bigan to clere,  
This Troilus gan of his sleep tabreyde,  
And to Pandare, his owene brother dere,  
for love of God, ful pitously he seyde,  
As go we seen the paleys of Criseyde;  
for sin we yet may have namore feste,  
So lat us seen hir paleys at the leste.

¶ And therwithal, his meyne for to blende,  
A cause he fond in toun for to go,  
And to Criseydes hous they gonnen wende.  
But Lord! this gely Troilus was wol!  
him thoughte his sorwful herte braste atwo.  
for whan he saugh hir dores sperred alle,  
Wel neigh for sorwe adoun he gan to falle.

Therwith whan he was war and gan biholde  
How shet was every windowe of the place,  
As frost, him thoughte, his herte gan to colde;  
for which with chaunged deedlich pale face,  
Withouthen word, he forth bigan to pace;  
And, as God wolde, he gan so faste ryde,  
That no wight of his contenance aspyde.

Than seyde he thus: O paleys desolat,  
O hous, of houses whylom best yight,  
O paleys empty and disconsolat,  
O thou lantern, of which queynt is the light,  
O paleys, whylom day, that now art night,  
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye,  
Sin she is went that wont was to gye!

O paleys, whylom crowne of houses alle,  
Enlumined with sonne of alle blisse!  
O ring, fro which the ruby is outfalle,  
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of lisse!  
Yet, sin I may no bet, fayn wolde I kisse  
Thy colde dores, dorste I for this route;  
And farewel shryne, of which the seynt is oute!

¶ Therwith he caste on Pandarus his yē  
With chaunged face, and pitous to biholde;  
And whan he mighte his tyme aright aspye,  
Hyas he rood, to Pandarus he tolde  
his newe sorwe, and eek his joyes olde,  
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,  
That every wight mighte on his sorwe rewe.

fro thennesforth he rydeth up and doun,  
And every thing com him to remembraunce  
As he rood forth by places of the toun  
In whiche he whylom hadde al his plesaunce.  
¶ Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce;  
And in that temple, with hir eyen clere,  
Me caughte first my righte lady dere.

And yonder have I herd ful lustily  
My dere herte laughe, and yonder pleye  
Saugh I hir ones eek ful blisfully.  
And yonder ones to me gan she seye:  
Now goode swete, love me wel, I preye.  
And yond so goodly gan she me biholde,  
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde.

And at that corner, in the yonder hous,  
Herde I myn alderlevest lady dere  
So wommanly, with voys melodious,  
Singen so wel, so goodly, and so clere,  
That in my soule yet me thinketh I here  
The blisful soun; and, in that yonder place,  
My lady first me took unto hir grace.

¶ Thanne thoughte he thus: O blisful lord Cupyde,  
Whanne I the proces have in my memorie,  
How thou me hast werreyed on every syde,  
Men mighte a book make of it, lyk a storie.  
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,  
Sin I am thyn, and hoolly at thy wille?  
What joye hastow thyn owene folk to spille?

Wel hastow, lord, ywroke on me thyn ire,  
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve!  
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire  
Thy grace most, of alle lustes leve.  
And live and deye I wol in thy bileve;  
for which I naxe in guerdon but a bone,  
That thou Criseyde ayein me sende sone.

Distreyne hir herte as faste to retorne  
As thou dost myn to longen hir to see;  
Than woot I wel, that she nil not sojorne.  
Now, blisful lord, so cruel thou ne be  
Unto the blood of Troye, I preye thee,  
As Jumo was unto the blood Thebane,  
for which the folk of Thebes caughte hir bane.

¶ And after this he to the yates wente  
Theras Criseyde outrood a ful good paas,  
And up and doun ther made he many a wente,  
And to himself ful ofte he seyde: Allas!  
from hennes rood my blisse and my solas!  
As wolde blisful God now, for his joye,  
I mighte hir seen ayein come into Troye.

And to the yonder hille I gan hir gyde,  
Allas! and there I took of hir my leve!  
And yond I saugh hir to hir fader ryde,  
for sorwe of which myn herte shal tocleve.  
And hider hoom I com whan it was eve;  
And here I dwelle outcast from alle joye,  
And shal, til I may seen hir eft in Troye.

¶ And of himself imagined he ofte  
To ben defet, and pale, and waxen lesse  
Than he was wont, and that men seyde softe:  
What may it be? who can the sothe gesse  
Why Troilus bath al this hevinesse?  
And al this nas but his malencolye,  
That he hadde of himself swich fantasye.

Another tyme imaginen he wolde  
That every wight that wente by the weye  
Had of him routhe, and that they seyen sholde:  
I am right sory Troilus wol deye.  
And thus he droof a day yet forth or tweye,  
As ye have herd, swich tyf right gan he lede,  
As he that stood bitwixen hope and drede.